

This I Believe Patchwork

Not all stories have happy endings like those in fairy tales. Not all songs end on a major chord or a beautiful note. Despite certain cases, I had always believed that there are happy endings in the world, and I am not afraid to admit that. Truthfully, I was a little girl who loved reading fairytales and how people always lived happily ever after. Perhaps that was why I slowly developed my belief that others may deem as “immature” and “nonsense”.

I never really pondered about the reason for my belief because I thought that you didn't need a reason to like, hate or believe in something. Yet when I thought about it deeply, it dawned on me that my keen belief in happy endings shaped my character, my attitude and my thinking very much. I became very optimistic and positive when I was met with problems, and I would tell myself to be strong because I know that bad things will pass soon. If I didn't believe in happy endings, I would lack the courage to overcome all the obstacles I face, wouldn't I?

There was once that I had really doubted what I believed in. When I first helped out in community centers and interacted with the elderly, my aim was solely to make my portfolio look good. I went to the old people's homes weekly and in each session I would befriend and communicate with a few fragile-looking women. Maybe because of the mature and trustworthy impression that people have of me, quite a few of them shared the hardships they faced in the past as well as their feelings with me. Their emotional stories affected me greatly, and I started thinking about the many unfortunate people around the world who had not experienced a happy ending. At that time, I had a hard time contemplating whether happy endings exist or not.

I realized soon that they were all hoping to get over the climax of their life and end the pain that they are experiencing, but because of the harsh reality of life they were slowly losing hope. It was no longer pity that I felt for them. It turned into a desire, a strong aspiration to help them reach their happy endings of their individual stories. It pushed me to help out as much as I could in charity events like fund-raising events, campaigns that raise public awareness about the less-fortunate and facilitating discussions in kindergartens during the holidays. It was heartwarming to see the elderly receiving more attention and concern from the public. I didn't even bother about my portfolio anymore.

At the moment, this is my little philosophy that may seem childish and silly for a fifteen year old girl. I don't know if anyone would agree with me at all, but still, I firmly believe in happy endings and I always will.